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Yours Sincerely
John F. Ingalls.



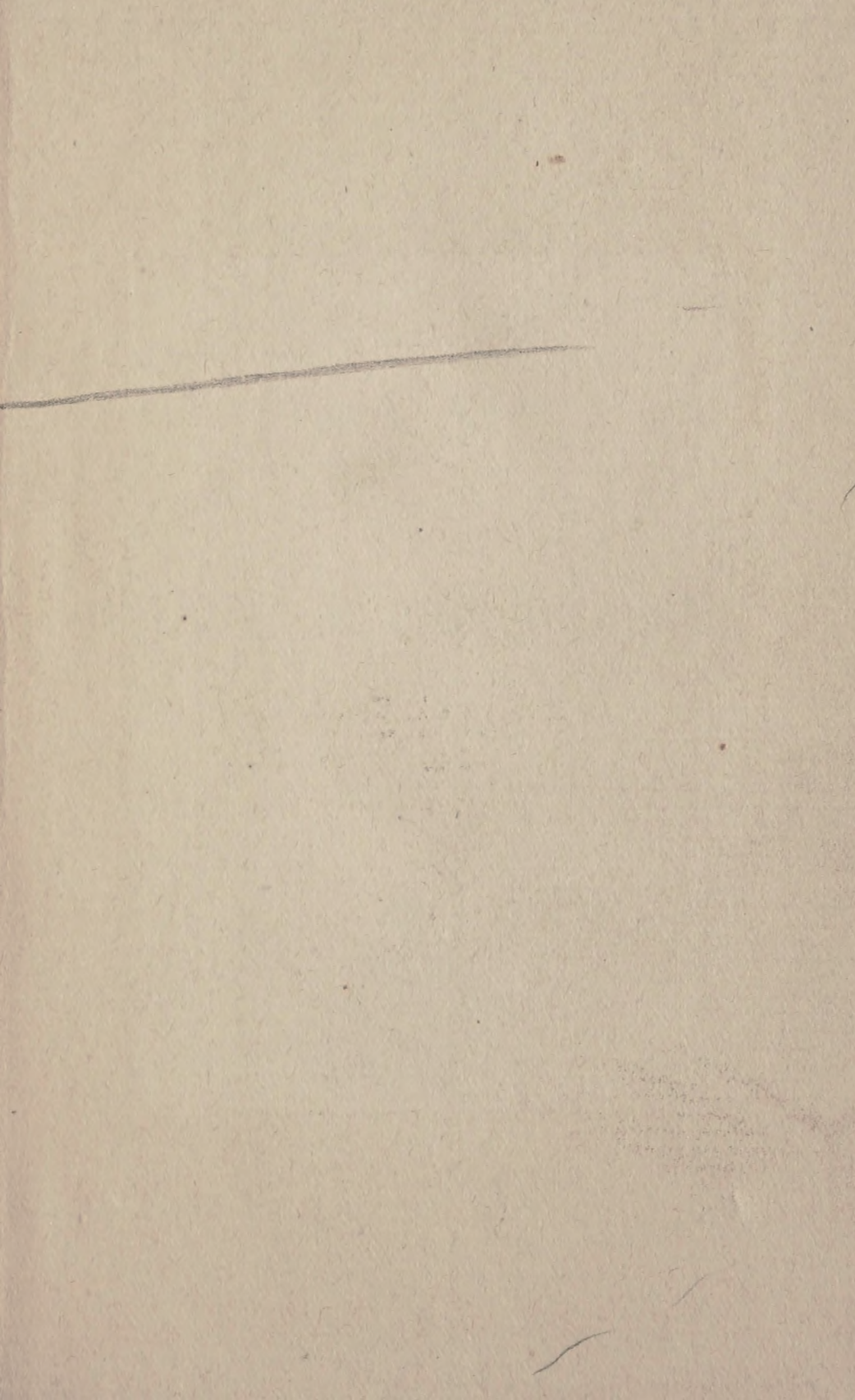
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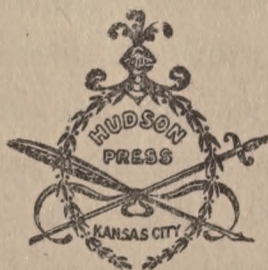
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SELECTIONS

FROM THE

Writings of John J. Ingalls



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COPY A.

MEMOIR.

"Dearest Wife:

" 'Blue Grass' seems to be one of those compositions that the world will not willingly let die.

"Those were happy days when it was written: in the little cottage on the bluff looking out over the great river; with a roomful of babies; obscure and unknown; waiting for destiny, so soon to come. *

* * How far away it seems!

* * * * *

"YOUR LOVING HUSBAND."

"My bereavement," he writes to his sister after the death of little Ruth, aged seven, "seems to me like a cruel dream from which I shall soon awaken. The light has gone out of my life. Ruth was my favorite child. Her temperament was tranquil and consoling; she gratified my love of the beautiful, my desire for repose. I

loved her most because she was so much like her dear mother." And he adds at the close: "I am assured we shall meet again."

* * * * *

"It is a most entrancing morning. I have just come in from a stroll in the sunshine to and fro along the stone walk to the north gate. The sky is cloudless, and the wind just strong enough to turn the mill slowly in the soft air. The smoke from the chimneys rises straight to the zenith and dissolves in the stainless blue. In the deep, distant valley the river glimmers through a dim silver mist woven with shifting purple like the hues which gleam on the breast of a dove. Undulating along the horizon, the bluffs rise like translucent crags of violet, and from the city beneath columns of vapor and fumes from engines and factories ascend, accompanied by a confused and inarticulate murmur, like the whispers of protest and pain. * * *

ALBERT DEAN RICHARDSON.

* * * He is one of the finest modern illustrations of the day-laborer in literature. He was a true journeyman. Letters were to him a trade. He wrote because he could, and not because he must. He carefully ascertained what the people were interested to know; then learned all he could upon the subjects, and told it in the most interesting manner at his command. He judged the value of his books by the number of copies sold, and pursued literature because it was a profitable vocation. He believed that mind was a certain force that could be successfully exerted in any direction its proprietor desired. In an eminent degree he possessed the New England qualities of thrift, shrewdness, foresight, and calculation.

Kansas exercised the same fascination over him that she does over all who have ever yielded to her spell. There are some

women whom to have once loved renders it impossible ever to love again. As the "gray and melancholy main" to the sailor, the desert to the Bedouin, the Alps to the mountaineer, so is Kansas to all her children.

No one ever felt any enthusiasm about Wisconsin, or Indiana, or Michigan. The idea is preposterous. It is impossible. They are great, prosperous communities, but their inhabitants can remove and never desire to return. They hunger for the horizon. They make new homes without the *maladie du pays*. But no genuine Kansan can emigrate. He may wander. He may roam. He may travel. He may go elsewhere, but no other State can claim him as a citizen. Once naturalized, the allegiance can never be forsworn.

JOHN BROWN'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

* * * Thenceforward there was no divergence in his career. He was not distracted by ambition, nor wealth, nor ease, nor fame. He never hesitated. Delay did not baffle nor disconcert him, nor discomfiture render him despondent. His tenacity of purpose was inexorable. Those relations, possessions, and pursuits which to most men are the chief objects of existence—home, friends, fortune, estate, power—to him were the most insignificant incidents. He regarded them as trivial, unimportant, and wholly subsidiary to the accomplishment of the great mission for which he had been sent upon earth. His love of justice was an irresistible passion, and slavery the accident that summoned all his powers into dauntless and strenuous activity.

* * * * *

His subsequent career belongs to the

history of the Nation. Out of the portentous and menacing cloud of anti-slavery sentiment that had long brooded with sullen discontent, a baleful meteor above the North, he sprang like a terrific thunderbolt, whose lurid glare illuminated the continent with its devastating flame, and whose reverberations among the splintered crags of Harper's Ferry were repeated on a thousand battle-fields from Gettysburg to the Gulf. From the instant that shot was fired the discussion and debate of centuries was at an end. He who was not for slavery was against it. The North became vertebrated and the age of cartilage and compromise was at an end. The Nation seized the standard of universal emancipation which dropped from his dying hand on the scaffold at Charlestown, and bore it in triumph to Appomattox.

* * * * *

What immortal and dauntless courage
breathes in this procession of stately sen-

tences; what fortitude; what patience; what faith; what radiant and eternal hope! No pagan philosopher, no Hebrew prophet, no Christian martyr, ever spoke in loftier and more heroic strains than this "coward and murderer," who declared from the near brink of an ignominious grave that there was no acquisition so splendid as moral purity; no inheritance so desirable as personal liberty; nothing on this earth nor in the world to come so valuable as the soul, whatever the hue of its habitation; no impulse so noble as an unconquerable purpose to love truth, and an invincible determination to obey God.

* * * Scholars, orators, poets, philanthropists play their parts, but the crisis comes at last through someone who is stigmatized as a fanatic by his contemporaries, and whom the supporters of the systems he assails crucify between thieves or gibbet as a felon. * * *

Already the great intellectual leaders

of the movement for the abolition of slavery are dead. The student of the future will exhume their orations, arguments, and state papers as a part of the subterranean history of the epoch. The antiquarian will dig up their remains from the alluvial drift of the period, and construe their relations to the great events in which they were actors; but the three men of this era who will loom forever against the remotest horizon of time, as the Pyramids above the voiceless deserts, or mountain peaks over the subordinate plains, are Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, and Old John Brown of Osawatomie.

EULOGY ON THE DEATH OF SENATOR
HENRY B. ANTHONY, OF
RHODE ISLAND.

The entire career of Senator Anthony was one of unique and singular felicity. For him fate spared its irony. Nemesis was propitiated. Fortune favored him. Time denied him none of those possessions that are regarded as the chief requisites of human happiness. He escaped calumny, and detraction passed him by. There was no winter in his years. He had length of days without infirmity. His ambition was satisfied. Honor, health, love, friendship, affluence, which so often with capricious disdain elude the most strenuous pursuit, attended him as courtiers surround a monarch. His life was not fragmentary and unfinished, but full-orbed and complete. Death was not an interruption, but a climax. His sun was neither obscured nor eclipsed, but followed its appointed path

to the western horizon. So he departed,
and above his spirit and fame abides the
enduring covenant of peace:

“His memory, like a cloudless sky;
His conscience, like a sea at rest.”

HAPPINESS.

* * * There is a quality in the soul of man that is superior to circumstances and that defies calamity and misfortune. The man who is unhappy when he is poor would be unhappy if he were rich, and he who is happy in a palace in Paris would be happy in a dug-out on the frontier of Dakota. There are as many unhappy rich men as there are unhappy poor men. Every heart knows its own bitterness and its own joy. Not that wealth and what it brings is not desirable—books, travel, leisure, comfort, the best food and raiment, agreeable companionship—but all these do not necessarily bring happiness and may co-exist with the deepest wretchedness, while adversity and perjury, exile and privation are not incompatible with the loftiest exaltation of the soul.

MY SPRING RESIDENCE.

Strew me a couch knee-deep with flowers
and grass,

With cool and oozy mosses for my head,
And curtain it with vines whose buds are
stars,

With trailing arbutue and primroses red
Just bursting into bloom.

BLUE GRASS.

* * * Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended, and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead.

* * * * *

Grass is the forgiveness of Nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the

sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality, and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. * * * * *

Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare and the field, it abides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne from which it has been expelled, but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.

* * Man cannot become learned, refined, and tolerant while every energy of

body and soul is consumed in the task of wresting a bare sustenance from a penurious soil; neither can woman become elegant and accomplished when every hour of every day in every year is spent over the wash-tub and the frying-pan. There must be leisure, competence, and repose, and these can only be attained where the results of labor are abundant and secure.

* * * * *

The salutary panacea is Blue Grass.

This is the healing catholicon, the strengthening plaster, the verdant cataplasm, efficient alike in the *Materia Medica* of Nature and of morals.

* * * *

Some, too poor or too timid to emigrate, would remain behind, contenting themselves with a sullen revolt against the census, the alphabet, the multiplication table, and the penitentiary. Dwelling upon the memory of past felonies, which the hangman prevents them from

repeating, they clasp hands across the bloody chasm.

* * * * Days without clouds and nights without dew; days when the effulgent sun floods the dome with fierce and blinding radiance; days of glittering leaves and burnished blades of serried ranks of corn; days when the transparent air, purged of all earthly exhalation and alloy, seems like a pure powerful lens, revealing a remoter horizon and a profounder sky.

* * * * *

A huge bulk of purple and ebony vapor, preceded by a surging wave of pallid smoke, blots out the sky. Birds and insects disappear, and cattle abruptly stand agazed. An appalling silence, an ominous darkness, fill the atmosphere. A continuous roll of muffled thunder, increasing in volume, shakes the solid earth. The air suddenly grows chill and smells like an unused cellar. A fume of yellow dust conceals the base of

the meteor. The jagged scimitar of the lightning, drawn from its cloudy scabbard, is brandished for a terrible instant in the abyss, and thrust into the affrighted city, with a crash as if the rafters of the world had fallen. The wind, hitherto concealed, leaps from its ambush and lashes the earth with scourges of rain. The broken cisterns of the clouds can hold no water, and rivers run in the atmosphere. Dry ravines become turbid torrents, bearing cargoes of drift and rubbish on their swift descent. Confusion and chaos hold undisputed sway. In a moment the turmoil ceases. A gray veil of rain stands like a wall of granite in the eastern sky. The trailing banners of the storm hang from the frail bastions. The routed squadrons of mist, gray on violet, terrified fugitives, precipitately fly beneath the triumphal arch of a rainbow whose airy and insubstantial glory dies with the dying sun.

* * * * Heirs of the greatest results of time, we are emancipated from all allegiance to the past. Unencumbered by precedents, we stand in the vestibule of a future which is destined to disclose upon this arena time's noblest offspring—the perfected flower of American manhood.

CATFISH ARISTOCRACY.

* * * Snoring the night away in drunken slumber under a heap of gray blankets, he crawls into his muddy jeans at sun-up, takes a gurgling drink from a flat black bottle stoppered with a cob, goes to the log-pile by the front door, and with a dull ax slabs off an armful of green cottonwood to make a fire for breakfast, which consists of the inevitable "meat and bread" and a decoction of coffee burned to charcoal and drank without milk or sugar.

* * * * The liberal climate and generous soil had nurtured a luxuriant vegetation, pastured by untamed herds, that were pursued by men more savage than the beasts they slew. These were her only heritage, except the traditions of religion, education, and freedom that animated the hearts of her pioneers. The useless magnificence of the prairie was unvexed by a furrow. Spring knew no seedtime, autumn

no harvest, save of the wild store that Nature garners for beast and bird.

* * * Kansas is the child of Plymouth Rock. It was once fashionable to sneer at this historic boulder, but it is the most impressive spot on the face of the earth, save the summit of Calvary. The Puritan idea rules the world. Like Aaron's rod, when it appears it swallows up all others. * * * It has an unconquerable vitality. Wheresoever it is planted it becomes a majority. A little of its leaven leavens the whole lump. Assailed, it grows strong; wounded, it revives; buried, it becomes the angel of its own resurrection.

REGIS LOISEL.

The sullen gray bars of the river were vocal with sonorous flocks of brant, halting for a night on their prodigious emigrations from the icebergs to the palms. Triangles of wild geese harrowed the blue fields of the sky. Regiments of pelicans performed their mysterious evolutions high in air—now white, now black, as their wings or their breasts were turned to the setting sun. The sandhill crane, trailing the ridiculous longitude of his thin stilts behind him, dropped his gurgling croak from aerial elevations, at which his outspread pinions seemed but a black mote in the ocean of the atmosphere. In all the circumference of the waste wilderness beneath him, he saw no tower or roof or spire upon the hills of Atchison, no cabin on the prairie, no hollow square cleared in the forests of Buchanan and Platte; heard no vibrations of bells, no scream of glittering

engine, no thunder of rolling trains, no roar of wheels, no noise of masses of men like distant surf tumbling on a rocky shore; no human trace along the curves of the winding river, save the thin blue fume that curled upward through the trees at the base of the bluff from the camp-fire of Regis Loisel.

* * * * *

And thus at last, in the strange vicissitude and mutation that accompanies human affairs, it chanced that the protracted strife finally closed in the courts of Nemaha, and it was there determined who were the "heirs of Regis Loisel."

Had the bandage been removed from the eyes of the Goddess of Justice upon that wintry day, she would have dropped the idle scales and brandished the avenging sword. They have built her a stately temple since, whose harmonious and symmetrical mass is the poem of a landscape that was enchanted before a cheap railway had

spanned the Nemaha with its skeleton truss, and dumped its black grade diagonally across the great military road that trailed westward through the village and over the level prairie toward Salt Lake and the Pacific Ocean. But upon the day aforesaid, the goddess dwelt like the apostle in her own hired house, a chosen sanctuary of cottonwood that stood four-square to all the winds that blew. Here were the ægis, the palladium, the forum, the ermine, the immortal twelve, and all the paraphernalia inseparable from the administration of law even in its most primitive form—essential to its sanctions, the staple of its orators; without which, we are assured by its ministers, the proud edifice of our liberties would incontinently topple and fall headlong from turret to foundation-stone.

THE LAST OF THE JAYHAWKERS.

* * With what awe in our boyhood do we contemplate the majestic name of Washington! That benign and tranquil although somewhat stolid visage looks down upon us from a serene atmosphere unstained with earthly passion. That venerable fame bears no taint of mortal frailty save in the juvenile episode of the hatchet, in which the venial error is expiated by the immortal candor of its confession. To our revering fancy, the massive form wrapped in military cloak stands forever at midnight upon the frozen banks of the Delaware, watching the patriot troops cross the icy current in the darkness before the grand morning of Trenton; or else, arrayed in black velvet small-clothes, resigning his commission to the Continental Congress at Annapolis. We learn in riper years, with grief not unmingled with incredulity, that this great man was subject to ungovernable outbreaks of

rage, that he swore like a mule-driver, and that he was not only the Father of his Country, but also of Governor Posey of Indiana.

* * * * *

“One hero less on earth,
One angel more in heaven!”

The unreliable character of grave-stone literature has been the theme of frequent comment, but unless this ostensible eulogy was intended as a petrified piece of jocularity and gratuitously inscribed by the sculptor, it may, perhaps, be justly considered the most liberal application of the maxim, “*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum*,” to be found in any American cemetery.

THE "GOOD-FELLOW GIRL."

Universities, colleges, libraries, and museums are endowed by contributions to the conscience fund from the death-bed repentance of contrite pirates and extortioners who, having burned the candle to Mammon all their lives, blow the snuff in the face of the Lord. This is morally the most corrupt and greedy age since Nero played first violin at the burning of Rome.

* * * * *

Such is the extreme nineteenth-century protest against Puritanism. The home is the unit of the state, and the social law hitherto has been that woman's proper place is home—not as a slave or a drudge, but as a companion, colleague, and spiritual guardian; walking a path not of roses, but of love, faith, and duty, and supreme in that kingdom. The properly reared and educated young woman anticipates marriage

and maternity as her natural destiny. The race-track, midnight revelries, high kicking, skirt-dancing, and "coon" songs are not favorable preliminaries.

A NATION'S GENESIS.

Those sombre exiles brought in their cargo many things that did not appear in the invoice. They unloaded from their shallop the elements of a civilization the most rapacious, the most arrogant, the most relentless ever known in the history of mankind. Those who signed their names to the compact of government in that dingy cabin released social and political ideas of inconceivable energy, self-government, liberty of conscience, universal education. The same spirit that penned that charter wrote the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Proclamation of Emancipation, guided the pen of Lincoln, unsheathed the sword of Grant, trained the guns of Dewey at Manila, and created the splendor and opulence and power of the civilization of the nineteenth century.

* * * * *

Anniversaries are the exclamation points

of history. The mind takes mysterious pleasure in their return. The birthday of a hero recalls him from the tomb and he lives again in the souls of millions who rehearse his triumphs and deplore his death.

* * * * *

It is far within bounds to say that humanity has made greater progress in the last hundred years than in all the six thousand that preceded.

In everything that makes life rich and valuable and worth living for, health, comfort, beauty and happiness, the humblest artisan enjoys what kings could not purchase with their treasures a century ago.

* * * * *

A. D. 2000 seems remote, but the interval will pass like a vision in the night when one awaketh. He who shall tell its story to the eager, listening multitudes that distant morning may possibly assure them that the encroachments of capital have been restrained and that labor has its just re-

ward; that the rich are no longer afflicted with satiety nor the poor with discontent; that we have wealth without ostentation, liberty without license, taxation without oppression, the broadest education, and the least corruption of manners. Perhaps not. He can hardly record any great additional victories over Nature, unless it be aerial navigation. We have conquered the earth and the sea. Some twentieth century Edison may conquer the atmosphere.

A DREAM OF EMPIRE.

There was no railroad nor telegraph; no telephone, no typewriter nor sewing-machine; no chloroform nor photography. Every acre of grain was sowed broadcast; reaped with the sickle, and the cradle, and threshed with the "dull thunder of the alternate flail." Friction matches were unknown. Fire, the indispensable agent of civilization, was started by striking sparks from flint and steel into tinder, and preserved by covering coals in the ashes at night. Kings, with their treasuries, could not obtain the comforts and conveniences in their palaces which the most parsimonious landlord now furnishes without question for the unpretentious cottage of the blacksmith and the carpenter.

* * * * *

Individual liberty, the practice of self-government, equality of rights before equal laws, and equal opportunities in the struggle

for existence have been the potential agencies that have abolished the frontier and subjugated the desert.

The race that has wrought this transformation, conscious of a destiny not yet accomplished, pauses for an instant upon the shores of the Pacific, before entering upon its final career for the moral and material conquest of the world.

HALLUCINATIONS OF DESPAIR.

The praises of poverty have been pronounced by the rich. Seneca wrote the eulogy of poverty on a table of gold, but nobody wants to be poor. Some philosopher has said that the way to have what you want is to want what you have; and another, that it is better not to wish for a thing than to have it; but money still remains the universal object of chief desire. The reason is obvious. For the individual, money means education, travel, books, leisure, superiority to the accidents of life, comely apparel, in health the best cook, in sickness the most skillful physician, the happiness of those beloved, the luxury of doing good. For society it means libraries, museums, parks, galleries of art, hospitals, universities, comfort for the unfortunate, splendor for the rich, everything that distinguishes civilization from barbarism.

* * * * *

All questions in our system, except those of theology, are political, and come at last to the ballot-box for decision. It is a government of numbers, and the majority have less than twelve hundred dollars apiece. As things are going on now, the time is not far off when the man with a hundred millions may be required to show his title, and if there is any flaw, to make restitution.

SOCIALISM IS IMPOSSIBLE.

* * * * * Government is worst served than any other employer of labor on earth. It pays higher wages for less service, and the waste and idleness are incredible.

* * * * *

America has been the paradise and the nineteenth century the golden age of individualism. At no other place or time has the world offered richer prizes or freer field to capacity, courage and intelligence. There have been errors and evils. Perfection is still remote, but there has been greater progress in science, in popular education, in the means of livelihood, in sanitation, in the means of communication, in the conquest over the mysteries of the universe, than in all the centuries that preceded. We have become the richest and most powerful nation because every man has been left free to be master of himself, to improve his con-

dition, to obtain superior reward for superior merit.

* * * * * Colleges, universities, technical schools, offer free instruction to the humblest. Parks, galleries, and museums afford the means of recreation to the poorest. Hospitals for the sick, retreats for the infirm, asylums for the unfortunate, exemplify the Golden Rule, and justify the faith that the brotherhood of man is not an empty formula or a derisive fiction. Society is a fortuitous and accidental aggregation of individuals. Societies have done nothing in this world, nor ever will. The fundamental fact of Christian civilization is the immeasurable value of the individual soul.

Individualism would lift all to the level of the highest. Socialism would drag all down to the level of the lowest. Individualism is progress and life. Socialism is stagnation and death.

MEN ARE NOT CREATED EQUAL.

History is a series of repetitions. Those who have failed in life blame everybody but themselves. The complaint against fate is as old as Adam. It will end only with the epitaph of humanity. The distinctions between men were established by act of God, and they cannot be abolished by act of Congress.

* * * * *

The time will never come when the race will not be to the swift and the battle to the strong. Indolence will never have the same wage as thrift nor ignorance the same reward as wisdom.

* * * * *

The prosperous do not complain. The strong can take care of themselves. It is the feeble who must be lifted up and supported, and to them the state owes its obligations. It must protect the weak from oppression, the poor from extortion, the

humble from injustice. It must secure universal diffusion of civil and political rights, with vigorous guarantees for the security of life, liberty, and property. It must provide education for the ignorant, refuge for the defective, asylum for the helpless, and give every man an equal chance to "get there" if he can. If he gets left, his name is "Dennis."

* * * * *

The future will be richer than the past. Vast as has been the progress of the race, there are greater triumphs to be won by those that have eyes to see and ears to hear.

The medicine for the ills of society must be found, therefore, in individual cultivation and development, and the ultimate appeal must be to conscience and intelligence to protect liberty from the folly of its friends and the fury of its foes.

THE POOR MAN'S CHANCE.

The poor man's chance depends very much on what the poor man has to sell. If his stock in trade consists of untrained muscle, a dull brain, and sullen discontent, he will work for wages, dine from a tin bucket when the noon whistle blows, and die dependent or a mendicant. If he have courage, industry, enterprise, foresight, luck, and the willing mind, he will gain competence or fortune. He will establish his family in comfort, educate his children and accustom them to the environment of refined habits, which, after all, is the best of life.

* * * * *

Society is reinforced from the bottom and not from the top. Families die out, fortunes are dispersed; the recruits come from the farm, the forge, and the workshop, and not from the club and the palace. Those who will control the destinies of the

twentieth century are now boys wearing homespun and "hand-me-downs," and not the gilded youth clad in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day at Sherry's and Delmonico's. This is the poor man's chance. It is open to all comers. It is not a matter of law, or statute, or politics.

* * * * *

The worst enemy of the poor man, except himself, is the trust, and of all forms of this odious tyranny the most intolerable is the labor trust. The money trust kills the body, the labor trust kills the soul. It destroys the independence of the laboring man, effaces his individuality, cancels excellence, and substitutes brute force for intelligence.

The right of labor to combine and to refuse to work for wages that employers are willing to pay is undeniable; but when strikers organize to prevent others from taking their places by violence and murder, destroying property and subjecting great

companies to enormous inconvenience, hardship, and loss, they attack the fundamental rights of citizenship and become outlaws and criminals, who ought to be exterminated.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Irrespective of creeds and theology, they are wise who would recognize God in the Constitution, because faith in a Supreme Being, in immortality and the compensations of eternity conduces powerfully to social order by enabling man to endure with composure the injustice of this world in the hope of reparation in that which is to come.

Inasmuch as both force and matter are infinite and indestructible, and can be neither added to nor subtracted from, it follows that in some form we have always existed, and that we shall continue in some form to exist forever.

Whence we came into this life no one knows nor cares. Evolution, metempsychosis, reincarnation, are not beliefs. They are parts of speech, interesting only to the compiler of lexicons.

* * * * *

Unless man is immortal, the moral uni-

verse, so far as he is concerned, disappears altogether. If he does not survive the grave, it makes no difference to him whether there be God or devil, or heaven or hell. And it must be not only a survival, but with a continuity of consciousness as well, if the evil are to be punished and the good rewarded hereafter. To inflict the penalty of violated law upon a being who does not know that he has offended, is not punishment, but revenge. Conscious identity may not be a necessary condition of intelligence, but it is essential in morals. It is conceivable that a being may know without knowing that he knows; but he cannot sin without knowing that he sins, nor be punished unless he knows for what wrong he suffers.

* * * * * Then he referred to the insatiable hunger for knowledge; the efforts of the unconquerable mind to penetrate the mysteries of the future; its capacity to comprehend infinity and eternity; its desire for the companionship of the

departed; its unquenchable aspirations for immortality; and he asked, "Why should God keep faith with the beast, the bee, the fish, and the fowl, and cheat man?"

THE CHARACTER OF GENERAL GRANT
—AN ENIGMA.

The character and destiny of Grant must always remain among the enigmas of history.

No man ever did so much of whom so little could have been predicted.

* * * * *

“No, there will be no trouble. But it has been one rule of my life to be always ready.”

* * * * *

Toward midnight some one started a discussion as to the most desirable period of life: infancy, with its helpless unconsciousness; childhood, with its innocent enjoyment; youth, with its passions; manhood, with its achievements; age, with its repose. Some preferred one and some another. Grant had relapsed into silence again. Logan appealed to him for his opinion. He pondered a moment and replied: “Well,

so far as I am concerned, I should like to be born again." This seemed a very clever way of saying that he had enjoyed life all the way through. Logan retorted that he knew of no man who stood in greater need of being born again, and then we all went home.

WHY CHRISTIANITY HAS TRIUMPHED.

Whatever view may be held as to His divinity, He is the central character of human destiny, the one colossal figure of human history. Cæsar and Herod and Pilate, the kings, conquerors, and philosophers of that day, are names. No one cares that they lived or died, but Christ remains the living and most potential force in modern society.

When He announced the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and the immeasurable value of the humblest human soul, He made kings and despots and tyrants impossible.

He laid the foundation of democratic self-government and the sovereignty of the people. From His teachings have come the emancipation of childhood, the elevation of woman, and our rich and splendid heritage of religious, civil, and constitutional liberty.

Indeed, without disparaging Confucius,

Buddha, or Mohammed, it may be safe to assert that through Christianity alone has civilization come into the world. On the continued activity of its beneficent forces we must depend for its preservation; for the completion of man's conquest over Nature; for the realization of the dream of the universal Republic.

GETTYSBURG ORATION.

* * * * * The orator who speaks, and who shall speak upon every recurrence of this anniversary so long as time shall endure, no matter how great his fame or his name, will be dwarfed by the stupendous tragedy that was enacted here, and will stand in the presence of that mighty and colossal shadow, that greatest victim of the war, who, almost within the sound of my voice from the spot where we now stand, dedicated this field as a final resting-place for those who here died that the Nation might live; and in obedience to that impulse and that instinct, the American people have assembled to-day, under the holiest impulse of the human heart, to contemplate and consider the profoundest and most insoluble mystery of human destiny—the insoluble problem of death.

* * They went to battle for ideas; they endured the march, the bivouac, hos-

pitals, wounds, diseases, hardships, and death, to save our cities from sack, our homes from spoilation, our flag from dishonor, and our country from distraction, in order that all men everywhere might be free, that the States might be indestructible, that the Union might be indissoluble, and that this Nation might be perpetual. [Applause.]

* * * I should not have failed to have kept in some secure but sacred repository the Stars and Stripes which were the symbol of the honor and the emblem of the glory of my country, to which I should have taught my children to return with patriotic solicitude and affectionate veneration.

* * * When this anniversary shall dawn one hundred years hence, the grave of the last soldier of the Nation will long since have been covered with the fragrant benediction of flowers; but the ideas for whose supremacy they contended will

survive, and their memory will be the object of their country's loftiest pride and its tenderest solicitude. * * * Capital will have just compensation, and labor due reward. We shall have liberty without license, taxation without oppression, wealth without ostentation, opportunities for education commensurate with the desire to know, and conditions of happiness as enlarged as the capacity to enjoy.

* * * Sublime and impressive aspiration—fit to be engraved above the portals of Liberty's chosen temple, worthy to be inscribed in every patriot's heart—"That this Nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." [Loud and prolonged applause.]

ADDRESS.

(Delivered at Osawatomie, Kans., August 30, 1877, by John J. Ingalls upon the occasion of the dedication of a monument to the memory of John Brown and his associates.)

* * * There were no nodding plumes, no haughty banners, no stirring blasts from the bugle calling the warriors to arms. But when Freedom recounts the sacrifices of her sons, she does not ask the number or rank of those who fell. Winkelried is as dear to her as Washington, and Osawatomie is as sacred as Bannockburn or Bunker Hill. At her behest to-day we reclaim from common dust the sacred ashes of the martyrs of Osawatomie. The sunshine of innumerable summers shall smile upon this consecrated sward. The hearts of the generations that follow us shall swell at the contemplation of their

heroic self-devotion and guard with jealous care this sacred sepulchre.

* * * * *

What immortal and dauntless courage breathes in this procession of stately sentences; what fortitude; what patience; what faith; what radiant and eternal hope! Over his soul hovered the covenant of peace. He felt the lofty consciousness of "Deeds that are royal in a land beyond kings' sceptres."

He trod the scaffold with the step of a conqueror, and the man whom Virginia executed as a felon Kansas to-day cannonizes as a martyr.

* * * * *

He believed there was no acquisition so splendid as moral purity; no possession nor inheritance so desirable as personal liberty; nothing on this earth nor in the world to come so valuable as the soul, whatever be the hue of its bodily habitation; no impulse so lofty and heroic as an

unconquerable purpose to love truth, and an invincible determination to obey God.

* * * * *

I believe it is Carlyle who says that when any great change in human society or institutions is to be wrought, God raises up men to whom that change is made to appear as the one thing needful and absolutely indispensable. Scholars, orators, poets, philanthropists, play their parts; but the crisis comes through some one whom the world regards as a fanatic or impostor, and whom the supporters of the system he assails crucify between thieves or gibbet as a felon.

* * * * *

The freedmen by their sobriety, their obedience to law, their decorous demeanor, justified the temerity those who had dared to maintain that they possessed intelligence superior to beasts, and souls that were immortal. During centuries of brutal and degrading bondage, they had retained the typical characteristics of their race. Their virtues were

their own; their vices were the offspring of the cruel system of which they had been the reluctant victims. Music and mirth enlivened the intervals of their unrequited toil. Loyalty and fidelity seemed the instincts of their nature. Patient of labor and obedient to law, they witnessed the prodigious accumulations derived from their unpaid industry without an effort to reclaim their own. Their local and personal attachments were intense. During the long moral combat that was the vestibule of the war they resisted the solicitations of those who believed that he who would be free himself must strike the blow, and continued faithful to the tyrants who had enslaved them. During the awful conflict that followed, when their emancipation became the integer, while their owners were doing desperate battle to rivet more firmly the fetters that bound them, they peacefully tilled the fields and served the families of their mas-

ters, waiting patiently for the hour of their deliverance to draw nigh.

* * * * *

The alternative has been chosen, and the selection is irrevocable. There can be no footsteps backward. It is idle to quarrel with the inevitable. What has been done we cannot undo. Statesmanship has no concern with the past except to learn its lessons. Recrimination and hostile criticism are worse than useless. We must act in the present and go forward to meet the future. However much some may regret what they conceive to be a surrender of principles, an abandonment of friends, a falsification of history, and a confession that a great office is held by successful fraud, the path of wisdom is plain. We must wait the result of the experiment. We must insist upon a rigid observance of the guaranties of freedom contained in the Constitution, and if they are violated, we must

invoke that revolt of the national conscience which sooner or later is sure to come.

* * * * *

But no man is ever convinced by being overpowered. Force cannot extirpate ideas. They are immortal. Their vitality is extinguishable. They cannot be annihilated. They may be for a time repressed, but they never die. War does not change the opinions of the victors nor the vanquished. It proves nothing, except which combatant has the deepest purse and the toughest muscle.

* * There can be no truce between right and wrong. In the conflict of ideas there can be no armistice. The gigantic revolution through which we have passed did not arise upon a point of etiquette, and it cannot be ended by a polite apology. It was a great struggle between two hostile and enduring forces, which must continue until one or the other shall become displaced and expelled from our system of Government. It must go on either till the

right of one man, or class, by violence or force, to prescribe the opinions, control the acts, and define the political relations of others is freely conceded, or until the right of every individual, however humble, to think, act, or vote in accordance with the suggestions of his own judgment and conscience under the law shall be absolutely unquestioned.

* * * * *

Kansas is yet in her youth. She has no associations that are venerable by age. All her dead have been the contemporaries of those who yet live. The verdict of posterity can only be anticipated. But, like all communities, we have had our heroic era, and it has closed. It terminated with the war which began within our borders, and it deserves a national commemoration. I believe the concurring judgment of mankind would designate him as the conspicuous representative of this period in our history, and while his image yet exists in the

memories of his cotemporaries, so that accurate portraiture is possible, I hope the people of Kansas will honor themselves by procuring his statue to be placed in this hall as a gift to the Nation.

* * * * In a brief space we shall all be dispersed by death, and our homes, our fields, our possessions, our dignities, our duties will descend to our posterity. Let us bequeath to them unimpaired the priceless heritage which we have received from those who attested their faith with their lives. And if in the distant future the guarantees of constitutional liberty shall be assailed, and the patriot of another age turn for inspiration to this, he will find no grander example of heroic zeal and lofty self-devotion than "Old John Brown of Osawatomie."

EULOGY ON THE DEATH OF SENATOR
JAMES B. BECK, OF KENTUCKY.

* * * Though he never forgot his nativity, nor the associations of his youth, he as by choice and preference, and not from necessity, an American. In his broad and generous nature patriotism was a passion and allegiance a sacred and unalterable obligation. A partisan by instinct and conviction, there was nothing ignoble in his partisanship. He transgressed the boundaries of party in his friendships, and no appeal to his sympathy or compassion was ever made in vain.

* * * * *

The right to live is, in human estimation, the most sacred, the most inviolable, the most inalienable. The joy of living in such a splendid and luminous day as this is inconceivable. To exist is exultation. To live forever is our sublimest hope. Annihilation, extinction, and eternal death are

the forebodings of despair. To know, to love, to achieve, to triumph, to confer happiness, to alleviate misery, is rapture. The greatest crime and the severest penalty known to human law is the sacrifice and forfeiture of life.

* * * Nations die, and races expire. Humanity itself is destined to extinction. Sooner or later, it is the instruction of science, that the energy of the earth will be expended and it will become incapable of supporting life. A group of feeble and pallid survivors in some sheltered valley in the tropics will behold the sun sink below the horizon and the pitiless stars glitter in the midnight sky. The last man will perish, and the sun will rise upon the earth without an inhabitant. Its atmosphere, its seas, its light and heat will vanish, and the planet will be an idle cinder uselessly spinning in its orbit.

EULOGY ON THE DEATH OF CONGRESS-
MAN JAMES N. BURNES, OF
MISSOURI.

In the democracy of the dead all men at last are equal. There is neither rank nor station nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this fatal threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the song of the poet is silent. Dives relinquishes his millions and Lazarus his rags. The poor man is as rich as the richest, and the rich man is as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dignities, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures; the invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from unrequited toil.

* * * But if death be the end; if the life of Burnes terminated upon "this bank and shoal of time," if no morning is

to dawn upon the night in which he sleeps—then sorrow has no consolation, and this impressive and solemn ceremony which we observe to-day has no more significance than the painted pageant of the stage. If the existence of Burnes was but a troubled dream, his death oblivion, what avails it that the Senate should pause to recount his virtues; and that his associates should assemble in solemn sorrow around his voiceless sepulchre? Neither veneration nor reverence is due the dead if they are but dust; no cenotaph should be reared to preserve for posterity the memory of their achievements if those who come after them are to be only their successors in annihilation and extinction.

* * * * *

If the life of Burnes is as a taper that is burned out, then we treasure his memory and his example in vain, and the latest prayer of his departing spirit has no more sanctity to us, who soon or late must follow

him, than the whisper of winds that stir the leaves of the protesting forest, or the murmur of waves that break upon the complaining shore.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

As slaves they drained the marshes, they felled the forests, they cultivated the fields, and assisted by their unrequited toil in piling up the accumulated wealth of the Nation. And, sir, while their masters were absent in camp and field, doing battle to rivet more firmly the chains by which they were bound and to make slavery the cornerstone of a new social and political structure, they remained upon the plantations and in the cities in charge of the estates and of the families of their owners, raising the supplies without which the war could not have been prolonged. General insurrections and servile uprisings would have dissolved the Confederate armies; but they did not occur. Docile, faithful, and submissive, the slaves were guilty of no violence against person or property. They lighted no midnight flame; they shed no innocent blood. It seems incredible that gratitude should not

have defended and sheltered them from the hideous and indescribable wrongs and crimes of which they have been for a quarter of a century the guiltless and unresisting victims.

* * * * *

The date when patience will cease cannot be predicted, but though the precise time cannot be foretold, it will come; and that it will come in peace or in blood is the inexorable decree of destiny. The same passions that resented colonial dependence, that substituted the Union for the confederation, that have overthrown State sovereignty, slavery, and every other obstacle in the path of liberty, justice, and nationality, may slumber, but they are not dead. They have acquired greater strength with their exercise at every stage of our growth and progress. The compromises of politicians seeking for place and power, the shifts of traders wanting gain, the cowardice of the timid, who desire peace at the sacrifice of honor, will not pre-

vail. Sooner or later they will shrivel and be consumed away in some sudden blaze like that which flashed and flamed from the Atlantic to the Pacific when John Brown at Harper's Ferry fired the gun whose reverberations died away at Appomattox. [Applause.]

“THE IMAGE AND SUPERScription OF
CAESAR.”

* * * For all the purposes for which existence is valuable in this world—for comfort, for convenience, for opportunity, for intelligence, for power of locomotion, and superiority to the accidents and the fatalities of Nature—the fewest in years among us, Mr. President, has lived longer and has lived more worthily than Methuselah in all his stagnant centuries.

* * * The centuries crept from improvement to improvement with tardy, sluggish steps, as if Nature were unwilling to acknowledge the mastery of man.

* * * * There has never been a time since the angel stood with the flaming sword before the gates of Eden when the dollar of invested capital paid as low a return in interest as it does to-day; nor has there been an hour when the dollar that is earned by the laboring man would buy so

much of everything that is essential for the welfare of himself and his family as it will to-day.

* * * * This class, Mr. President, I am glad to say, is not confined to this country alone. These gigantic accumulations have not been the result of industry and economy. There would be no protest against them if they were. There is an anecdote floating around the papers, speaking about beer, that some gentleman said to the keeper of a saloon that he would give him a recipe for selling more beer, and when he inquired what it was, he said: "Sell less froth." [Laughter.] If the millionaires and speculators of this country are the froth upon the beer of our system, the time has come when we should sell more beer by selling less froth. [Laughter.]

* * * * I repeat that the people are not anarchists; they are not socialists; they are not communists; but they have suddenly waked to the conception of the

fact that the bulk of the property of the country is passing into the hands of what the Senator from Ohio by an euphemism calls the "speculators" of the world, not of America alone. They infest the financial and social systems of every country upon the face of the earth. They are the men of no politics, neither Democrat nor Republican. They are the men of all nationalities and of no nationality, with no politics but plunder, and with no principle but the spoliation of the human race.

* * * I have no sympathy with that school of political economists which teaches that there is an irreconcilable conflict between labor and capital, and which demands indiscriminate, hostile, and repressive legislation against men because they are rich and corporations because they are strong. Labor and capital should not be antagonists, but allies rather. They should not be opponents and enemies, but colleagues and auxiliaries whose coöperating rivalry is

essential to national prosperity. But I cannot forbear to affirm that a political system under which such despotic power can be wrested from the people and vested in a few is a democracy only in name.

* * * The earth has not forgotten to yield her increase. There has been no general failure of harvests. We have had benignant skies and the early and the latter rain. Neither famine nor pestilence has decimated our population nor wasted its energies. Immigration is flowing in from every land, and we are in the lusty prime of national youth and strength, with unexampled resources and every stimulus to their development; but, sir, the great body of the American people are engaged to-day in studying these problems that I have suggested in this morning hour. They are disheartened with misfortune. They are weary with unrequited toil. They are tired of the exactions of the speculators. They desire peace and rest.

* * * * *

“We cannot disguise the truth that we are on the verge of an impending revolution. The old issues are dead. The people are arraying themselves upon one side or the other of a portentous contest. On one side is capital, formidably intrenched in privilege, arrogant from continued triumph, conservative, tenacious of old theories, demanding new concessions, enriched by domestic levy and foreign commerce, and struggling to adjust all values to its own standard. On the other is labor, asking for employment, striving to develop domestic industries, battling with the forces of Nature, and subduing the wilderness; labor, starving and sullen in cities, resolutely determined to overthrow a system under which the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer; a system which gives to a Vanderbilt the possession of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, and condemns the poor to a poverty which has no refuge from starvation but the prison or the grave.

“Our demands for relief, for justice, have been met with indifference or disdain. The laborers of the country asking for employment are treated like impudent mendicants begging for bread.”

* * * * *

When I went West, Mr. President, as a carpetbagger in 1858, St. Louis was an outpost of civilization, Jefferson City was the farthest point reached by a railroad, and in all that great wilderness, extending from the sparse settlements along the Missouri to the summits of the Sierra Nevada and from the Yellowstone to the canyons of the Rio Grande, a vast solitude from which I have myself since that time voted to admit seven States into the American Union, there was neither harvest nor husbandry, neither habitation nor home, save the hut of the hunter and the wigwam of the savage.

* * * * *

What would be the effect? Would not this country be worth exactly as much

as it is to-day? Would there not be just as many acres of land, as many houses, as many farms, as many days of labor, as much improved and unimproved merchandise, and as much property as there is to-day? The result would be that commerce would languish, the sails of the ships would be furled in the harbors, the great trains would cease to run to and fro on their errands, trade would be reduced to barter, and, the people finding their energies languishing, civilization itself would droop, and we should be reduced to the condition of the nomadic wanderers upon the primeval plains.

* * * * *

I hold, Mr. President, between my thumb and finger a silver denarius, or "penny" of that ancient time, perhaps the identical coin that was brought by the hypocritical Herodian, bearing the image and superscription of Cæsar. It has been money for more than twenty centuries. It was money when Jesus walked the waves, and

in the tragic hour at Gethsemane. Imperial Cæsar is "dead and turned to clay." He has yielded to a mightier conqueror, and his eagles, his ensigns, and his trophies are indistinguishable dust. His triumphs and his victories are a school-boy's tale. Rome herself is but a memory. Her marble porticos and temples and palaces are in ruins. The sluggish monk and the lazy *lazzaroni* haunt the Senate House and the Coliseum, and the derisive owl wakes the echoes of the voiceless Forum.

* * * * *

Mr. President, money is the creation of law, and the American people have learned that lesson, and they are indifferent to the assaults, they are indifferent to the arguments, they are indifferent to the aspersions which are cast upon them for demanding that the law of the United States shall place the image and superscription of Cæsar upon silver enough and gold enough and paper enough to enable them to transact without

embarrassment, without hindrance, without delay, and without impoverishment their daily business affairs, and that shall give them a measure of value that will not make their earnings and their belongings the sport and the prey of speculators.

* * Out of every conflict some man or sect or nation has emerged with more privileges, enlarged opportunities, purer religion, broader liberty, and greater capacity for happiness; and out of this conflict in which we are now engaged I am confident finally will come liberty, justice, equality; the continental unity of the American Republic, the social fraternity and the industrial independence of the American people. [Applause in the galleries.]

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF POLITICS.

Had he possessed a greater flexibility of temper, been less inexorable in his animosities, and learned how to forget where he could not forgive, there was no height he might not have reached, even the highest in the people's gift. But he would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder.

It seems incredible that a personage of such vast and unusual powers, who for twenty years was a most prominent actor in the great drama of public affairs, who filled so large a space in the thought of the people, who was caricatured, lampooned, praised, and reviled without stint or measure, should have faded so absolutely from the memory of men. Even to those of his contemporaries who survive, he has already become a gorgeous reminiscence.

Patriotic, arrayed always for truth, right, and justice, his name is identified with

no great measure, and his life seems not so much an actual battle with hostile powers as a splendid scene upon the stage, of which the swords are lath, the armor tinsel, the bastions and ramparts painted screens, the wounds and blood fictitious; on which victories and defeats are feigned, with sheet-iron thunder, and tempests of peas and lycopodium—and the curtain falling to slow music, while the audience applauds and departs.

* * * * *

The characteristic of his conversation was a genial and humorous urbanity. He never wounded or stung. He seldom told stories or related anecdotes. His wit was like a spring that makes the meadows green. He appreciated what was best in society, art, literature, and life, and had the keenest interest in the virtues and foibles of humanity. His manner was refined and suave. He never posed, nor monopolized, nor strained for effect; and as he never hurt self-love

by irony, nor vanity by ridicule and satire, so he never shocked the devout by profanity, nor offended the modest with impudicity.

Probably the *mot* of Mr. Evarts most widely flown concerns the apochryphal feat told of George Washington in "jerking" a silver dollar across the Rappahannock.

FAMOUS FEUDS.

The chief actors in this stupendous drama have all crossed the frontier of the dark kingdom. After life's fitful fever, they sleep well or ill; but whether well or ill, they sleep. They played mighty parts. They appealed to the passions of a majestic audience. The curtain has fallen; the lights are out; the orchestra has gone; and upon another stage we have the continuous performance, vaudeville and marionettes.

THE MOUNTAINS.

When you look upon the vague and troubled immensity of the ocean, you think of commerce and codfish and whales. When you contemplate the grassy waste of prairies, expanding to the skies, you think of wheat and corn and pigs and steers. But Pike's Peak and Sierra Blanca and Trenchery and Culebra and the Tetons are good for nothing except adoration and worship. Man does not profane their solitudes where the unheard voices of the winds in the forests, of waters falling in the abyss, and the eagle's cry have no audience nor anniversary.

THE SEA.

But there is something more than change of locality in the isolation of a long ocean voyage. When the last dim headland disappears, and the continent vanishes in the deep, the separation from the human race is complete. All the accustomed incidents and habits of daily life are suspended, and those who are assembled in that casual society might be the solitary survivors of mankind.

Wars and catastrophes and bereavements may shock the world, but here they are unheard and unknown. Suns rise and set and rise again, but the great ship makes no apparent progress. She remains the centre of an unchanging circumference. The vast and sombre monotony is unbroken. Above is the infinite abyss of the sky with its clouds and stars. Beneath is the infinite abyss of the sea with its winds and waves. Sometimes the faint phantom of a sail ap-

pears above the vague fluctuating horizon and silently fades away, or a stain of smoke against the distant mist discloses the pathway of some remote and unknown tenant of the solitude.

* * * * *

In the presence of this implacable enemy, whose smiles betray, whose voice is an imprecation, whose embrace is death, meditation becomes habitual and the mind changes like the sky.

IDYL.

Was it on this planet we lived alone,
and loved in youth's enchanted kingdom
amid the forests and by the great lonely
river, looking with mingled gaze at the east-
ern bluffs purpled by the autumnal sunset,
or at the face of the moon climbing with
sad steps the midnight sky; or was it on
some remote star in some other life, recalled
with rapture and longing unutterable and
unavailing?

"Oh, death in life; the days that are no
more!"

* * * Nature mocks with her
permanence the mutability of man; and the
steadfast presence recalling life's vanished
glory and bloom and dew of morning—how
worthless and empty appear all that time
gives, compared with what it takes away!
How gladly would we exchange the prizes
of ambition and fame and wealth for the
splendid consecration of youth and—

"Wild with all regret—the days that are
no more."

EPIGRAMS.

Trusts and labor unions are inseparable evils. They are twin relics of barbarism.

* * * * *

Socialism is the final refuge of those who have failed in the struggle for life. It is the prescription of those who were born tired.

* * * * *

The man who is unhappy when he is poor would be unhappy if he were rich. A beggar may be happier in his rags than a king in his purple. Happiness is an endowment, and not an acquisition.

* * * * *

Whether in the battle to-morrow I shall survive or not, let it be said of me, that to the oppressed of every clime; to the Irishman suffering from the brutal acts of Great Britain, or to the slave in the bayou of the South, I have at all times and places been their advocate; and to the soldier, his wid-

ow and orphans, I have been their protector and friend.

* * * * *

In the democracy of the dead all men at last are equal. There is neither rank nor station nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this vital threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the song of the poet is silent. Dives casts off his purple, and Lazarus his rags; the poor man is rich as the richest, and the rich man as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dignities, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures; the invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from his unrequited toil. Here at last is Nature's final decree in equity.

* * * * *

The purification of politics is an iridescent dream. Government is force. Politics is a battle for supremacy. Parties are the

armies. The Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in a political campaign. The object is success. To defeat the antagonist and expel the party in power is the purpose.

GARFIELD: THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Poverty may be a misfortune, uncomfortable and hard to endure; but as an element of strength in public life it cannot be disregarded.

* * * * * The defects of his boyish training and scholarship, the narrow poverty of his youth, the humble avocations of his early manhood, the modest simplicity of his later life were favorable to his fortunes. They kept him at the level of the masses from whom he sprung, not alienated from them by extraordinary endowments, wealth, or special refinement, but exhibiting only a higher degree or more vigorous activity of the qualities and powers usual among men; industry, patience, integrity; so that the great body of citizens in supporting him appeared to be indirectly paying tribute of respect to themselves, and not yielding either voluntary or reluctant obedience to a superior.

* * * * *

I spoke to a friend, who stood near me in the hem of the audience, of the strange mutations of fortune the spectacle suggested to me, little thinking then of the yet more memorable vicissitudes so soon to follow; the abrupt termination of those magnificent hopes and ambitions through the dark vista of the near future; the sudden catastrophe of an exasperated destiny; premature death on the threshold of incomparable prophecy of greatness and renown. Could coming events cast their shadows before, he might have discerned those words of doom, the last that were ever traced by his feeble and trembling hand—"Strangulatus pro republica!"

* * * * *

American Presidents have not always been the highest types of manhood. Selected usually because they were available, rather than because they were fit, they have inspired little enthusiasm except among those appointed to office.

* * * * *

Garfield touched life at more points than most men. There was no company in which he could be wholly a stranger, nor any man, however low or however lofty, in whom he could not find something in common, so that he was never isolated nor detached from his associates at any stage of his pathway, from the rude hut of his nativity, in the clearing of the Ohio forest, to the fatal eminence from which he was borne to his grave.

* * * * *

But as no public man, whatever his powers, can greatly succeed unless identified with some idea, purpose, or conviction existing in the minds of the people, so in this respect Garfield was most fortunate. His life was a strenuous protest against injustice. He was an apostle for liberty of conscience, liberty of action, and liberty of thought. He had mastered the statistics and enlarged the boundaries of freedom. The public honor, faith, and credit were as valuable to

him as his own, and he labored without ceasing that the creed of human rights should not be an empty formula, nor the brotherhood of man a mocking dream.

* * * * *

Such a revelation of mental and moral deformity has seldom been made. Not one good deed nor any generous impulse marred the harmonious and symmetrical infamy of the life of the wretched malefactor. He was insane as the tiger and the cobra are insane. He stands detached from mankind in eternal isolation as the one human being without a virtue, and without an apologist, a defender, or a friend. Even among the basest, he had no comrade. There was no society in which he would not be a stranger. He was the one felon whom no lawyer could protect, no jury acquit, for he was condemned in that forum from whose verdict there is neither exculpation nor appeal. He must be an alien in hell.

* * * * *

The bearers were followed into the Rotunda by Vice-President Arthur, the Cabinet, and the Committees, all other spectators being excluded. As the casket was placed upon the same catafalque that had borne the coffin of Lincoln the last rays of the setting sun streamed through the golden haze along the low horizon above the hills of Arlington and filled the upper portion of the dome, above the still unfinished frescoes of Brumidi, with vanishing radiance, while the sombre shadows of twilight had already settled upon the silent group below.

The lid was laid back, and the official procession, led by Arthur, every inch a king, arm in arm with Blaine, pallid and haggard, who looked as if, with Mark Antony, he might have said,

“Bear with me!

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me,”
marched slowly eastward, and departed.

* * * * *

Across the space was Grant, his impassive, resolute, sphinx-like face bent forward, intently pensive, as though inwardly meditating upon the strange mutation by which the man who snatched from his grasp the coveted prize of a third nomination, so nearly won, now lay in cold obstruction and everlasting silence, where ambition could no longer inspire nor glory thrill.

The pageant on the day of the burial was indescribable. The cessation of business, the dense blackness of the festoons of drapery, the stillness and awe of the spectators, the multitudes so immense that they became impersonal and conveyed only the idea of numbers, mass, and volume, like the leaves of a forest or the sands of the sea; the lofty hearse with its twelve led horses completely caparisoned in black, with silver fringes sweeping the ground; the dirges of bands and bells, all contributed to a spectacle that can neither be described nor forgotten.

BLAINE'S LIFE TRAGEDY.

The secret of personal popularity, the power of exciting irrational and vehement devotion to its object, has never been detected. If it is not possessed, it cannot be acquired. It is an art for which there is no text-book nor any teacher. A man may well enough say he will be learned, upright, successful, respected, a politician, or a diplomat, but not that he will be the idol of the people. This is beyond his acumen. The gift is rare. Its beneficiary seldom appears oftener than once in a generation. It is quite independent of endowment and capacity. Calhoun was a greater man than Clay, and Webster was intellectually far the superior of either; but Clay aroused in the masses of his party a passionate fervor of adoration that was like religious fanaticism in its intensity.

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There were giants in those days, war-

riors and statesmen, between whom and Blaine in service, capacity, and equipment, there was no comparison. Other reputations may far surpass his in the annals of the Macaulay of our times, but in the power to move and stir and thrill, to inspire uncontrollable enthusiasm, the name of Blaine, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, will lead all the rest. Other leaders were admired, loved, honored, revered, respected; but the sentiment for Blaine was delirium. The mention of his name in the convention was the signal for a cyclone. Applause was a paroxysm. His appearance in a campaign aroused frenzy that was like the madness of intoxication.

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But in running debate, which is like a duel with swords, Blaine was the Cyrano de Bergerac of his generation. Imperturbable, versatile, confident, never disconcerted, at the last line he hit.

* * * * *

The accession of Arthur gave that urbane and imperturbable politician an opportunity to which he was not equal. He was meshed in complications he could not unravel.

He trod the paths of his feet with marvelous circumspection, but the labyrinth was too intricate, and he lost the clue. His personal bearing was princely and incomparable. His presence was majestic, and his manners were so engaging that no one left him after even the briefest interview without a sentiment of personal regard.

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Like the chorus of an anthem, with measured solemnity, the galleries chanted, "Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!" myriads of stamping feet keeping barbaric rhythm, while plumes and banners waved, and women with flags and scarfs filled the atmosphere with motion and color and light.

It was the passing of Blaine. That

gigantic demonstration was at once a salutation and a requiem. The Republican party there took leave of their dying leader, and bade him an eternal farewell.

KANSAS: 1541—1891.

The confines of the valleys are the "bluffs," no higher than the general level of the land, worn into ravines and gulches by frost and wind and rain, carving the limestone ledges into fantastic architecture, and depositing at their base an alluvion of inexhaustible fertility. Dense forests of elm, cottonwood, walnut, and sycamore, mantled with parasitic growths, clothe the cliffs and crags with verdure, and gradually encroach upon the "rolling prairies." The eye wanders with tranquil satisfaction and unalloyed delight over these fluctuating fields, treeless except along the margins of the indolent streams; gorgeous in summer with the fugitive splendor of grass and flowers, in autumn billows of bronze, and in winter desolate with the melancholy glory of undulating snows.

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The incipient commonwealth lay in the

westward path of empire—the zone within which the great commanders, orators, philosophers, and prophets of the world have been born; in which its Savior was crucified; in which its decisive battles were fought, its victories over man and Nature won; the triumphs of humanity and civilization achieved.

* * * * *

He was the object of inexplicable idolatry and unspeakable execration. With his partisans, the superlatives of adulation were feeble and meagre; with his foes, the lexicon of infamy contained no epithets sufficiently lurid to express their abhorrence and detestation. They alleged that he never paid a debt nor told the truth, save by accident or on compulsion, and that to reach the goal of his ambition he had no convictions he would not sell, made no promise he would not break, and had no friend he would not betray.

* * * He was like a thread of

gold shot through the rough woof of the frontier. Though not of heroic stature, his dark, vivacious countenance, the rich melody of his voice, and his impressive elocution, gave him great power as an orator. He possessed the fatal gift of fluency, but, wanting depth and sincerity, seemed like an actor seeking applause, rather than a leader striving to direct, or a statesman endeavoring to convince the understanding of his followers. His service in Congress demanded the indulgent judgment of his constituents, and failing of an election to the Senate when the State was admitted, he yielded to the allurements of appetite, squandered two fortunes in travel and pleasure, and the splendid light of his prophetic morning sank lower and lower until it was quenched in the outer darkness of gloom and desolation.

* * * Every one is on the *qui vive*, alert, vigilant, like a sentinel at an outpost. Existence has the excitement of a

game of chance, of a revolution, of a battle whose event is doubtful. The unprecedented environment has produced a temperament volatile and mercurial, marked by uncalculating ardor, enterprise, intrepidity and insatiable hunger for innovation, out of which has grown a society that has been alternately the reproach and the marvel of mankind.

* * United in vociferous and persistent affirmation that Kansas is the best State in the most glorious country on the finest planet in the solar system; that its soil is the richest, its climate the most salubrious, its men the most enterprising, its women the most beautiful, its children the most docile, its horses the fastest, its cattle the largest, its sheep the woolliest, its hogs the fattest, its grasshoppers the most beneficent, its blizzard the warmest, its cyclones the mildest, its droughts the wettest, its hot winds the coldest, its past the most glorious, its present the most prophetic, its destiny the most sublime.

* * * * * Platitudes are unknown, and all epithets are superlative. Imagination predominates; established formulas, and maxims are disregarded. Upon the rainless and sterile uplands the strata of the earth are pierced for water; and marble, paint, cement, fire-clay, gypsum, coal, and salt are discovered in the descent. If chinch-bugs and noxious insects attack his crops, parasites and epidemics are imported for their destruction. Foiled and thwarted by the baffling clouds, the undaunted husbandman bombards the invisible moisture of the firmament with explosive balloons, and effusively welcomes the meteorological juggler who summons with his incantations aqueous spirits from the vasty deep. The faith which removes mountains into the sea animates every citizen, and rejects the impossible with calm disdain.

* * * * *

The Arabs say that he who drinks of the Nile must always thirst; no other waters can

quench or satisfy. So those who have done homage and taken the oath of fealty to Kansas can never be alienated or forsworn. The love of the people for their State is not so much a vague sentiment as an insatiable passion. * * * * *

The cross which Coronado reared at the verge of his wanderings long since mouldered, and the ashes of the adventurer have slept for ages in their ancestral sepulchre in Spain. He found neither Quivera's phantom towers nor Cibola's gems and gold; but a fairer capital than that he sought to despoil has risen like an exhalation from the solitude he trod, and richer treasure than he craved has rewarded the toilers of an alien race. Upon their effulgent shield shines a star emerging from stormy clouds to the constellation of the Union, and beneath they have written, "*Ad astra per aspera*," an emblem of the past, by whose contemplation they are exalted, the prophecy of that nobler future to which they confidently aspire.

KANSAS.

Kansas is the focus of freedom, where the rays of heat and light concentrated into a flame that melted the manacles of the slave and cauterized the heresies of State sovereignty and disunion.

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Kansas was the prologue to a tragedy whose epilogue has not yet been pronounced; the prelude to a fugue of battles whose reverberations have not yet died away.

* * * * *

The normal condition of the genuine Kansan is that of shy and sensitive diffidence. He suffers from excess of modesty. He blushes too easily. There is nothing he dislikes so much as to hear himself talk. He hides his light under a bushel. He keeps as near the tail-end of the procession as possible. He never advertises. He bloweth not his own horn, and is indifferent to the band-wagon.

* * * * *

No other State encounters such formidable obstacles of Nature and Fortune. Our disasters and catastrophes have been monumental. Swarms of locusts eclipsing the sun in their flight, whose incredible voracity left the forests, and the orchards, and the fields of June as naked as December; drouths changing the sky to brass and the earth to iron; siroccos that in a day devastated provinces and reduced thousands from comfort to penury—these and the other destructive agencies of the atmosphere have been met by a courage that no danger could daunt, and by a constancy unshaken by adversity.

* * * * *

And this is but the dawn. We stand in the vestibule of the temple. Much less than one-half the surface of the State has been broken by the plough. Its resources have been imperfectly explored. It has developed at random. Science will hereafter reinforce the energies of Nature, and the

achievements of the past will pale into insignificance before the completed glory of the century to come.

Atchison, May 10, 1896.

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